

The History of

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keep Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliuie, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince.*

Prince What standst thou idle heere? lend mee thy Sword, Many a Noble man lies starke and stiffe, Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are yet vnreueng'd, I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: *Turke Gregorie* neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him sure.

Prince. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee; I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliuie, thou getst not my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

Prince Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

Fal. I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prince What, is it a timeto iest and dally now?

He throwes the Bottell at him. Exit.

Fal. If *Percy* be aliuie, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbo-nado of me. I like not such grinning honour as *sir Walter* hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.

King I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much; Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaster*, goe you with him.

P. Iohn Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiestie make vp, Lest your retirement doe amaze your friends.

Ki. I will do so; my *L.* of *Westmerland*, leade him to his Tent.

West. Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prince Leade me my Lord, I doe not need your helpe; And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The prince of *Wales* from such Where staine Nobilitie lies tro And Rebels Armes triumph in

John We breathe too long, Our duty this way lies: For G

Prin. By God, thou hast de I did not thinke thee Lord of s Before I lou'd thee as a brother But now I doe respect thee as n

King I saw him hold Lord P With lustier maintenance then Of such an vngrowne Warri

Prin. O, this Boy lends mett *Dowg.* Another King, they

I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all th That weare those colours on th That counterfeitt the person

Ki. The King himselfe, wh So many of his shadowes thou And not the very King: I hau

Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, abou But seeing thou fallst on me fo I will assay thee, and defend thy

Dowg. I feare thou art anot And yet in faith thou bearst th But mine I am sure thou art, w And thus I winne thee,

They fight, the King being in Prince. Hold vp thy head v

Neuer to hold it vp againe, th Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blun* It is the Prince of *Wales* that th Who neuer promisseth, but h

They fight, I Cheerely my Lord, how fares

Sir Nicholas Ganssey hath for su And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to C

King. Stay, and breathe a